

THE COMET.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
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Where advance payment is not made, \$1.50 per year will be charged.
Entered at the Postoffice at Johnson City, Tenn., as Second Class Matter.
We are authorized and requested to announce Mr. W. H. HICKS as a candidate for Sheriff of Sullivan County. Election August next.
We are authorized and requested to announce Mr. HENRY A. HALE as a candidate for Sheriff of Washington County. Election August next.

Club Rates.
We have had a number of applications for club rates, and in obedience to the demand, we will for a limited time, furnish THE COMET to clubs of ten or more at \$1 each per year. This will not apply unless at least ten names are sent at the same time. Send in your club boys, and we'll make things lively.

Dr. Mongle is again on our Streets very much improved in health. Candidates are beginning to swarm. "How are you, how do you do? How's your wife and how are you?" David N. Swingle is still quite sick at his home in this place.

Tipton Jobe's new building is receiving the finishing touches.

Mr. H. E. Graves, the live and energetic tobaccoist, of Bristol, was in town on Tuesday.

Somebody is giving poison to the dogs of Johnson City, how shall we get rid of the bachelors?

White and fancy check straw matings at ANDERSON & CARE'S, Bristol, Tennessee.

Call and get a nice down or feather duster and a leather fly only 35 cts. at McNEIL & WOLFE'S.

The old veteran democrat, Enos Kinchelov, is a candidate for Trustee of Washington county.

Miss Juliet Hunter from Boone Creek, is in the city visiting her brothers.

A mammoth stock of all kinds of furniture and more coming at McNEIL & WOLFE'S.

Mrs. Berry has moved her Milinery to the Flynn building on Church street.

William G. Anderson, of Unicoi, is authorized to take subscriptions and collect for THE COMET.

The condition of Mrs. Nelson has not improved. She has not eaten a single particle of food for 17 days.

Carpets, Rugs and Door Mats at ANDERSON & CARE'S, Bristol, Tennessee.

Tuesday night last was suicide night among the dogs in Johnson city five were found lying dead around the streets.

40 kinds of chairs & rockers, 25 kinds of beds, 42 kinds of carpets, oil cloths and matting to select from, at McNEIL & WOLFE'S.

Robert C. Hunter is progressing rapidly in the work of building his new residence next door to these few lines.

Diek J. DeVault now living in Florida is among his many friends here on a visit. He will only be in E. Tenn. a short time.

O, see the train come through the glen, Goodby, my lover, goodby— All loaded down with circus men, Goodby, my lover, goodby.

The nicest line of ladies dress goods and fancy goods is to be found at Jeff L. Duff, Bristol, Tenn. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

R. S. and J. S. Patty, Emigrant agents, have been very active lately. They left Newport a few days ago with a party of fifty, bound for the land of the setting sun.

Last Tuesday night, our esteemed friend Geo. P. Crouch departed this life in Johnson City to dwell three months in Baltimore. We regretted to see him go, but our loss will be his gain.

James Seaver will please read our composition on babies. Bachelors are too numerous in this burg. We are for reform, Reform Jim, reform. Get married and you'll be happy.

Commencement exercises at Washington College this week. The Philomathean Literary Society gave an entertainment Thursday evening. Christian C. Collins, of Carter, delivered the address.

There will be a grand Odd fellows Parade at Whitesburg on the 26th. Forty odd fellows will go from Johnson City. THE COMET will be there—Tayl and all. Forget it not, forget it not.

There is iron ore enough in East Tenn. and Western N. C. to run the furnaces of the world for a thousand years, and the coal fields of Virginia and Kentucky would furnish the fuel.

Nelson Spurgeon, took a trunk to the home of one of our citizens one evening last week, and hung up his coat on the railings, until he could get the trunk in the house. When he came back for his coat he found it cut into shreds, by some rascal. Nelson got on the warpath and hunted for the tailor with a stick, but as he remarked, "couldn't catch him."

TO THE LADIES.
When you want any dress patterns, write to Jeff L. Duff, 105 Main St., Bristol, Tenn., for catalogues of Harpers Bazaar patterns. Sole Agent for this country.
The latest thing out, is a new patent talking machine. For particulars call on Ike Jobe.
David Gifford can out smile a sixteen year old lover. Dave is the finest salesman in the State. The secret of his success is his smiling.
Jno. W. Aiken, our active depot agent, was reinforced Tuesday night, by a young railroader—its a fine boy and John is happy.
All who desire to get on the tail of the "blazin' star" and take a ride will buy tickets from Will Anderson or send into head quarters. "Git on board little children!"
The sky of night is red with the glare of a new furnace at Cranberry. Hurrah, hurrah, For the good old North State forever! Hurrah, hurrah, For the good old North State!

George and John Butler, sons of Hon. R. R. Butler, passed through Johnson City last Tuesday, on their way to Oregon. Mr. Leonard and family were in the party.

Two spiritualists gave a seance at the opera house in Knoxville last Monday night. The audience was so well pleased that they vigorously hissed the seancers and the boys treated to rotten eggs.

The young man Helton, tried at Jonesboro this week, for the robbery of Mr. Copas, was sentenced to the penitentiary for the term of five years. The other parties, accomplices in the same crime are now on trial. We have not heard the result as to them.

Gen'l. Hood Naff can make black look white, white look green and green the color of yellow buff. He is a painter from away back. Don't forget him. The days of painting are at hand. Wish some nice girl would capture the Gen'l.

Engine No. 1, the Watauga, of the Narrow Gauge Railroad, has been overhauled and repainted. The work was done in the Machine shop at this place. Mr. Ed. Tally did the painting and the engine now looks as bright and fresh as when new.

Gump the clothier, clothes the naked and saves money to buy bread for the hungry. Toad Hickey will tell you all about it if you will waltz around and see him. He is right under the shadow of THE COMET. You will know him by his red head.

We regret being absent on Monday when our clever friend Jeff L. Duff, of Bristol, called. Mr. Duff is one of the leading merchants of this rapidly growing city. He has also been elected to the responsible position of Secretary of the Bristol Fair.

Our sweet friend of the C. B. & Q. R. R., C. E. Osborn, is out with farmer Patty showing the Emigrant the right way to go West young man. A more active, reliable, tenderhearted man never preached economy to a home hunting traveler. "You bet your big bottom dollar!"

The Tennessee Pilot, a new Republican paper published at Morristown, is on our table. W. W. Fitzgerald is editor and proprietor, and James S. Fitzgerald business manager. The Pilot is a neatly gotten up paper of four pages seven columns each, and, barring its politics, we like it. We wish our old school fellow, "Mac," financial success, but pray constantly for his annihilation politically.

Our good friend Mr. Jno. W. Hunter, reached home Friday last, after a two weeks trip to N. Y. City and Baltimore, for goods. We notice a splendid stock of everything at Hunter & Christain's, and last but not least we notice and welcome among us the young lady milliner, who came with Mr. Hunter, Miss Lillian Parker, of Baltimore, who bears a recommendation from several of the best firms in Baltimore as a lady of taste and skill in her business as a milliner and dress-maker.

Circuit Court in Jonesboro this week. Judge Hacker on the bench, Atty. Gen'l. John Fain at the bar. George Murrell caught John Allison out on a fly. Cicero Hale and Joel Cooper out on foul. Jonesboro is prospering. Many new buildings have been erected recently and the town looks a hundred per cent. better than it did before the late fire. James H. Dossar, the veteran merchant, has done more for Jonesboro than anybody in it. Fred DeVault and Polk Hall have joined the glee club, and now Dr. Armstrong, the leader, is happy.

Easter, with its sunshine and showers—principally showers—and its colored eggs has come and gone, leaving only the egg shells. Two little maidens, in the April of life with rose buds on their cheeks, with sunshine in their faces heaven in their eyes; with hearts as pure as the dew on the flower and lavish with kindness as April clouds are with rain, did not forget THE COMET. Two eggs colored blue—blue meant—came to our sanctum sanctorum; upon one was inscribed: "Alice Carr to THE COMET;" on the other: "Etta T. Johnson to Bob Taylor!" Give us the esteem and good will of the sunless guileless children, and others may have the empty friendship of Princes.

The Blountville Central Star thinks we are trespassing on his rights when we call THE COMET the "blazin' star." Oh, no, brother Phillips, thou art the "twinkling star."
Hon. J. Q. A. Remine, agent of J. I. Case & Co., has two new saw mills here ready for shipment. There's no use trying to shake John if he finds out you might be induced to buy. "That's our experience."
George Masten says the millions of Carp fish eggs, Nat Hyder was bragging about, have proved to be frog eggs. He says Nat and "Matherly" carried frog eggs all night and emptied them into the pond and tried to sell him their pond next day. But George "spishioned sump'n", stole some of the eggs put them under a setting hen, and they hatched out tadpoles.

Babies are a good thing to have in a family. They break the monotony of every day life. The Tayl of THE COMET has two. Both gals and both have tongues and plenty of voice. Stayed at home a few nights ago and took care of the little jewels while their mother went to a tea party. First quarter of an hour, serene—had a regular frolic. Second quarter, youngest missed its ma; began to scratch daddy's face and howl. Oldest got up on tip toes and pulled wash bowl over on its little head. Set up a yell. Third quarter, youngest bent half double the wrong way—mouth from pole to pole, voice like a hyena. Oldest slipped behind daddy and tore up his editorial on tariff—haven't tried to write on tariff since. Fourth quarter, strength almost gone. Beads of sweat on brow. Youngest making 120 squalls per minute. Oldest turned over the coal scuttle, got in a chair, pitched out in slop bucket. Our devil come in after copy, gave him fifteen cents to hold youngest and keep oldest out of fire till we could run down their ma. Looped a quater of a mile, found their ma, pranced home with her, found oldest playing with molasses pitcher; devil stretched out on bed exhausted; youngest in cradle kicking at the ceiling. "O, when I was single O then," and so forth.

Epitaphs.
Within these dark and damp abodes Lie one who lived by writing words, (odes) Who was not by mankind esteemed— His soul (and notes) lie undreamed!

Celestial poet, dead and turned to clay— Who lived on unkept promises to pay. Whose lofty spirit craved gold but trash As long as he could buy without the cash. But here he safely lies beneath this mouldering sod— He dodged his creditors, but couldn't dodge his god!

Blowing in of Cranberry Furnace.
On Monday April 14th at 4 o'clock p. m. the torch was applied to the new Furnace, at Cranberry, N. C., by Gen'l. Pardee, President of the Cranberry Iron & Coal Co. Gen. Hoke, of N. C., and a number of other gentlemen connected with the enterprise were present. Mr. Jno. S. Wise, Sec'y. of the Co. made the following address:

"We are here to witness and participate in the ceremony of lighting the fire which puts in operation the pioneer furnace of the Cranberry Iron & Coal Co., an important event in the progress of the company, and the development of its property. All of us are more or less familiar with the obstacles, difficulties and trials that have been surmounted in arriving thus far in our progress.

The completion of the Railroad and successful development of the mines have tasked the energy of all concerned. Many of less faith would have fallen by the way, but with a devotedness of purpose on the part of all, these results have been achieved, and the furnace stands to-day a monument to their indomitable courage and perseverance. May the fire thus kindled serve as a beacon to light the way to other and grander achievements, which will add to the prosperity of the "Old North State" and inure to the greatness of our whole country. In view of these results of the company's enterprise, we feel at liberty to ask in the presence of one of North Carolina's distinguished citizens, the influence of the State to continue the mantle of protection over her varied industries, to the end that her mountains, abounding with inexhaustible mineral wealth will respond to the effort of the miner, and her valleys yield generously to the husbandmen the fruits of his toil—and now as the smoke ascends in unrighteous to the skies, we kindly invoke for the success of the furnace the best wishes of all."

A Tribute to Meric.
One of the strongest and most reliable houses in the drug trade, and one most eminently successful in introducing medicines of merit to the people is "The Dr. Harter Medicine Company, of St. Louis." The one to which it is now directing most attention is "Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic," a remedy for debility and prostration and all the ills peculiar to a system incapable of performing its regular functions. This remedy is nothing new; it is well known, indorsed by the medical profession, and recommended by them for many infirmities peculiar to women. The advertisement of the Tonic, which appears elsewhere, contains two testimonials from this class of sufferers, which are worth perusal. Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic is a preparation of iron and calissaya bark in combination with the phosphates, ingredients which denote it to be invaluable to weakened constitutions.

A PEN PICTURE.
Idolatrous Infidelity stood aghast as the terrible judgements of the Almighty smote the Egyptian King and his people with many disastrous plagues. For a little season it quailed and faltered and bade the enslaved hosts of Israel go free when the death angel, on swift, invisible wing, left the first born of every family, and left in every house a pallid corpse. But the obdurate monarch, once lashed again into unbelief, and with host and horse and armed chariot he pursued the flying freedmen of the Lord to the very shores of the Red Sea. Here, while thick clouds with vivid lightnings interlaced, and rent with pealing thunders, hedged up his way he paused for clouds and storms to pass away—for only the sensible presence of God's power could restrain the God defying King. Beyond that mystic, intervening vale what wonders the Lord of hosts was doing for his panic stricken people! Precipitous mountains stood upon either hand. Pharaoh threatened in the rear, and the deep sea frowned death upon them all in front. But when Moses struck the sea and shouted, forward, lo, the smitten waves divide to the deep foundations of the sea—the raging waters sever and stand congealed as walls of ice on either hand—while all night long, Israel's millions march through the deep, dry shod. But scarce do the auroral splendors of the dawn light up with saffron and silver, the pearly portals of the day, and paint with rosy fingers the burnished glories on the miraculous cloud, when Pharaoh's maddened legions, in glittering ranks, deploy upon the beach and line the narrow shore—nor pause or halt they there, but charging all, horse and rider, footmen and fierce charioteer, they plunge at once with eager, breathless haste down, down into the new made turnpike of the sea. Then from the polished armor of Egypt's royal chivalry, from chariot and shield, and plumed helm, sword and spear and battle-axe, from gorgons canopy and silken banners fringed and gilt with gold, flashed forward on rock-ribbed shores, and in Israel's anxious face ten thousand sparkling images of the rising sun. Ah, little then did that barbaric mass of infidel humanity dream as in the pride and pomp and majesty of war, they spurned the earth and dared profane with impious tread the bottom of the sea, that they had now already entered the yawning jaws of death. But so it was. The hand Omnipotent that held the billows back is lifted up. Instantly the surging sea hastens unbidden to its accustomed bed. Outstretched hands deplore, in vain, relentless fate. One smothering wave, not loud, but big with mutterable terror and dying agony, and Egypt's banished host is dead.

Good Words.
MESSRS EDITORS:—Having seen a copy of your valuable paper, I can not forbear expressing my delight on seeing your names connected with an enterprise, whose great object will be to accomplish good in behalf of the people. A paper so ably edited will ever be a great terror to frauds and dishonest candidates. East Tennessee needs more such journals to enlighten the voters and to intelligently discuss the political issues that are to their interest to know and understand.

You have many friends down here, notwithstanding, Casor Houk, used to crack his political whip over the people. Monroe is always the friend of an honest man.

If you will continue to defend the rights and interests of your readers, through the press, as nobly as you have done upon the stump, you can not fail to secure the applause of all who have the best interest of your country at heart. With many wishes for your success and the final triumph of democracy, I will close by saying that I desire to walk by the light of THE COMET. Yours,

ARXOMENES.
Hiwassee College, April 15th 1884

Wreck on the W. & A. R. R.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., April 15. Two frightful accidents occurred on the Western and Atlantic railroad, near Big Shanty, this morning, about 2 o'clock, in fifteen minutes time. The passenger train which left this city last night, while running at the rate of forty miles an hour, went through a trestle, which had been undermined by the torrent of rain which fell the night previous. The freight train met with a similar accident five miles from the above place. Engineer St. Clair McDonald, of the freight train, and his fireman, Wm. McCullough, were crushed to death under fifteen cars which followed the engine into the canyon. Their remains have not been recovered. Ed. Merrill, mail weigher of the passenger train, and Baggage Master Harkins, are fatally injured. Conductor James, Jas. Gillespie and Ed. Hill, United States mail clerks, and a colored porter, were seriously injured. To add to the scene of horror, the mail car, baggage car and two coaches were burned, and twenty passengers narrowly escaped being burned to death. One, whose name cannot be learned, was fatally injured. The scene was one of indescribable terror. The shrieks of the dying were heard on all sides. All trains have been abandoned until to-morrow.

EAST TENNESSEE, VIRGINIA & GEORGIA RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

In Effect December 30th, 1883.

(Central Standard Time.)

EASTWARD.	Daily No. 2.	Daily No. 4.
Chattanooga	12:10 pm	7:40 pm
Knoxville	12:45 pm	8:12 pm
Cleveland	1:10 pm	8:30 pm
Chattanooga	1:40 pm	9:00 pm
Knoxville	2:10 pm	9:30 pm
Cleveland	2:40 pm	10:00 pm
Chattanooga	3:10 pm	10:30 pm
Knoxville	3:40 pm	11:00 pm
Cleveland	4:10 pm	11:30 pm
Chattanooga	4:40 pm	12:00 am
Knoxville	5:10 pm	12:30 am
Cleveland	5:40 pm	1:00 am
Chattanooga	6:10 pm	1:30 am
Knoxville	6:40 pm	2:00 am
Cleveland	7:10 pm	2:30 am
Chattanooga	7:40 pm	3:00 am
Knoxville	8:10 pm	3:30 am
Cleveland	8:40 pm	4:00 am
Chattanooga	9:10 pm	4:30 am
Knoxville	9:40 pm	5:00 am
Cleveland	10:10 pm	5:30 am
Chattanooga	10:40 pm	6:00 am
Knoxville	11:10 pm	6:30 am
Cleveland	11:40 pm	7:00 am
Chattanooga	12:10 am	7:30 am
Knoxville	12:40 am	8:00 am
Cleveland	1:10 am	8:30 am
Chattanooga	1:40 am	9:00 am
Knoxville	2:10 am	9:30 am
Cleveland	2:40 am	10:00 am
Chattanooga	3:10 am	10:30 am
Knoxville	3:40 am	11:00 am
Cleveland	4:10 am	11:30 am
Chattanooga	4:40 am	12:00 pm
Knoxville	5:10 am	12:30 pm
Cleveland	5:40 am	1:00 pm
Chattanooga	6:10 am	1:30 pm
Knoxville	6:40 am	2:00 pm
Cleveland	7:10 am	2:30 pm
Chattanooga	7:40 am	3:00 pm
Knoxville	8:10 am	3:30 pm
Cleveland	8:40 am	4:00 pm
Chattanooga	9:10 am	4:30 pm
Knoxville	9:40 am	5:00 pm
Cleveland	10:10 am	5:30 pm
Chattanooga	10:40	